

Stanford, Ky., July 31, 1885

W. P. WALTON.

BEN INGERSOLL, the celebrated infidel and radical high priest, was once asked to explain how a certain miracle could have been performed if the Author of it was not divine. Said Col. Bob in reply, "The explanation is easy enough. That account of a miracle is all a d—d lie. None ever occurred." Omitting the profanity, the use of which we carefully avoid in these columns, we might with much greater truth than characterize Col. Bob's response, furnish the same explanation of certain conundrums propounded to us recently by our brother-in-the-craft of the Somerset Republican whose party zeal recently is not tempered by its usual wisdom. To illustrate the character of these conundrums we quote the following. "Why is it that in 1871 it cost only \$282,577 to put \$1,719,012 in the treasury, or 14 cents on the dollar, while in 1875 it cost \$441,075 to put in only \$1,655,977 or 21 cents on the dollar?"

Dr. Franklin, whose sense of humor was equal to his learning, once drily asked the scientific professors of Paris, why fish dead outweighed the same fish alive? The philosophers pondered the query for a year or more, each one furnishing a different explanation until the Doctor was finally appealed to for the true reason why the dead fish outweighed the live one. He simply answered: "It doesn't do it."

Is our Bro. mocking us? Or is he simply trying to be droll and funny like Dr. Franklin? We score to charge that so accurate an accountant as the editor of the Republican is known to be, fails to comprehend a plain, tabulated statement of the Auditor; nor do we intimate that the Polastri Prodigy in figures, who so recently boasted that two-thirds of his party wasn't a d—d nigger, furnished the facts, or rather dealt out the fancies which furnish our brother's mathematical puzzle. 1st. "Why did it cost \$282,577 to put \$1,719,012 in the Treasury, or 14 cents on the dollar?" As Col. Bob says, the explanation is easy. It didn't do it. Come to the blackboard, good friend, and illustrate your mathematics. Show us how you can make 14 cents on the dollar either the gross or the net sum paid into the Treasury for that year, equal to \$282,577. The republican party has always been considered able in the cardinal rules of addition, multiplication, division and silence, but even Dorey or Steve Elkins, or the widow Pinkton would gnaw up a State pencil in "doin' this sum."

You will perceive on prayerful study that you don't exactly comprehend what is meant by the words "14 per cent" in the right hand column of the tabulated statement of the Auditor on page 19, to which you so kindly and so specially called our attention. Neither is it true as a fact, nor does the statement of the Auditor justify any such deduction, that it cost \$282,577 to put the revenues of '71 into the Treasury. The sheriff's commissions were for that year, \$74,943.70. The compensation of Assessors was \$36,063.46. The pay of the Revenue Supervisors \$2,066.00. The fees of the clerks for copying the Assessors' books \$16,124.50. Now add these sums together, according to Ray, part 1st, and not according to Elkins, Dorey & Co., and we have \$149,197.66—a small difference of over \$133,000, which, however, we admit, is no great matter in republican book-keeping.

"While it cost \$441,075 to put in only \$1,655,977 or 21 cents on the dollar."

Our astonishment grows. The gross amount received into the Treasury for that year was the sum of \$1,750,882.53. But our brother in his indifference to all proper rules of calculation, in order to force a correspondence between his alleged statement of 21 per cent. and this fearful sum of \$441,075, counts against a democratic administration over \$56,000 worth of land sold to the commonwealth and what is still more marvellous, the delinquencies and exoneration of that year amounting to the sum of \$170,156.46. Is this fair; is it just; is it even good morals, leaving out the question of mathematics? Go to, good friend, and study Gow's Morals and Manners, for sale by all respectable druggists or book stores. But what charms us most is the imperturbable serenity with which the democratic party is made responsible for the delinquent tax payers. Who compose at least 90 per cent of this large and interesting body? If specimens are wanted they can be found swarming like flies and lurking like carrion around depots at train time; lounging on street corners and paying occasional visits to pig sty and chicken roosts. We do not charge that they compose chiefly that other third of the radical party, of which its chairman and secretary seem a little ashamed, but we do protest that if, by any sort of strange possibility they do belong to that third the democratic party should not be held accountable for their delinquencies.

What then was the cost of paying into the Treasury the revenue for 1875? The sheriff's commissions \$93,598.40; Assessors' \$26,685.65; Revenue Supervisors \$5,733. Clerks for copying Assessors' books \$20,483.66, which makes a total of \$188,503.07, or \$255,572 less than the Republican says it was. No wonder the state is going into bankruptcy at such a break-neck speed, if radical figures are to be relied on. Such methods of calculation would bankrupt the United States in less than a year. Like many other folks, Col. Sellers made large fortunes on paper. His eye water cost him only 50 cents per barrel. He estimated that there were 100,000,000 people in Asia; and every one of them had two sore eyes, and that it would take one bottle to each eye to affect a cure. The bottles could easily be sold at \$2 a piece.

Surely "there was millions in it." Col. Sellers was an optimist as well as a financier. The Republican is a pessimist and a financier. Sellers builds up a tremendous fortune on paper; while on the reverse side of this sheet the Republican goes into hegemony and bankruptcy.

Do extremes meet; or is this hit of a saying only a poetic fancy?

We are asked several other questions by the Republican, each of which carries with it, to any man of good sense and common information, its own answer. For instance, "Why is an additional tax of 5 cents to be levied to build a branch penitentiary?" We answer how else could it be built? Do you suppose it could be done without money? The resources of the sinking fund can not be constitutionally applied to this expense—though the radical party has never perceived that a constitutional inhibition was an impediment—the revenues of the common schools could not be appropriated, and so there remains but one other source, the revenue proper. Now the Republican certainly should know that one of the cardinal distinctions between a representative democracy and a monarchy is that the latter keeps piles of money hoarded in coffers, because the government is everything and the people nothing, while the former in the administration of its revenue proper, undertakes to keep on hand only so much as is necessary to defray current expenses. The building of a branch penitentiary is a needless thing, but one which the government is not called upon to do more than once or twice in several generations. So it is that in the imposition of taxes no account is taken, except when the exigency arises, of the costs of such works and then when it becomes proper to erect them a tax is bound to be imposed or they remain, as the Republican's bankrupt Treasury, only on paper.

We cannot afford space to go further into detail. The Republican has asked questions and we have answered them. If perchance, there should be a "power behind the throne" who seeks to keep fresh the visions of financial derangement which his fancy detected about two years ago, peering abysmally into the political horizon, we trust that he may appropriate the answers to himself.

Meanwhile, being of a timid and retiring disposition, we do not dare anybody to knock a chip off our head. We prefer to write of our local events and short paragraphs of political news, with now and then a line or two of comment; but if other folks are bound to have a dry discussion of figures and financial mismanagement, we will undertake to show, at least, that a kettle has no right to call a pot black face.

AS THE election occurs Monday we make a last appeal to democrats to vote for the nominee, James W. Tate, for State Treasurer. He is a tried and true man, against whom the breath of scandal has never rested and has managed his office most admirably. He is a straight-out democrat, unlike his opponent, Judge Fox, who claims to be a democrat, but runs on a prohibition platform, while really his candidacy is in the interest of the republicans. Democrats urge you not to be led captive by so gaudy a scheme to reduce our majority, but go to the polls and show to Mr. Cleveland that Kentucky is still the stronghold of democracy and that we heartily endorse him and his administration, by rolling up an increased majority.

THE race of a certain judge is spoken of as a "Fox chase" but if every democrat will go to the polls and vote for Tate, he will feel next Tuesday like he had been in the worst wild goose chase ever recorded. Step right up Monday and vote this ticket: For Treasurer—Jno. W. Tate.

For State Senator—Maj. F. D. Rignay. For County Judge, of Lincoln—Hon. Thos. W. Varon. For Constitutional Convention—Yes.

THE citizens of Henderson will celebrate the opening of the Henderson Bridge, built by the L. & N., next Thursday, 6th, in grand style. The programme includes a reception and lunch from 1 to 3 p.m.; carriages and bridge excursion, from 3 to 6; dinner from 6 to 7½; toasts and responses from 7½ to 9; and pyrotechnics from 9 to 11. The committee of invitation kindly offer to furnish free transportation to the invited guests.

FOR attempt at rape the penalty inflicted by the law is far inadequate, hence the deposition of the people to take the matter in their own hands. Castration should be the penalty and for rape death alone.

GEN. FITZHUGH LEE, a nephew of the great Robert E. Lee, was nominated for Governor of Virginia by the democrats on the first ballot and he will be elected beyond peradventure.

MR. CHARLES E. HOGE, of the Mason & Foard Co., Frankfort, sends us a well illustrated catalogue of the chairs and other fine furniture being manufactured by the firm.

DРИPPING SPRINGS.

To day we received twenty-five guests, on Tuesday we are to get another crowd and still more to follow on Saturday. We have them here from Kansas City, South Carolina, Louisville and all the local towns and there never was a nicer set of people than those who have been here this season.

Everybody delighted, and say they are coming back next season and bring their sisters, cousins and aunts. Rept.

D. G. SLAUGHTER.

P. S. Grand picnic Saturday.

Mondays the citizens of Atlanta Ga., laid the corner stone of a soldier's monument which is to be 180 feet high, and will cost, as estimated, \$100,000. It will commemorate the soldiers who fought and who fell on either side in the civil war, and near the base of the column will be niches for the statues of Grant and of Lee, of Johnson and of Sherman.

According to careful calculations of experts the aggregate superficial area of all

GEO. O. BARNEs.

Visits the Pantheon, the Baths and the Catacombs.

ALWAYS PRAISING THE LORD.

"PROSPECT POINT," LANDOUR, N. INDIA, JUNES 18th, 1885.

DEAR INTERIOR.—Until I get done with Italy you need not expect much from India, even had I anything to report. Our life is a very quiet, waiting one just now. The plains are burning up in the fiery heat; gasping residents longing for the welcome Monsoon, that will bring the rains to temper the fierce power of the scorching winds, as well as start the shrunken vegetation into fresh existence. The "rainy season" is India's life. It will not be so pleasant on the hills as the dry, but for others we wish it may come when the time comes. All well and happy. Praise the LORD. Ever in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNEs.

ROME, Feb. 24th, '85.—I forgot in yesterday's record, our visit to the Pantheon, which we took in after our lunch. The only ancient edifice in Rome with walls and roof perfectly preserved. When one thinks that it was erected 27 years before the beginning of the Christian era, it is simply marvelous how it escaped Goth and Vandals and Lombard as it has. For 1,200 years it has been a church; before that a heathen temple. The son-in-law of that Caesar Augustus, who ordered "the world to be taxed," Luke ii, 1, built it and a colossal statue of that Emperor once adorned its ample portico. The peculiarity of the great building is one, I have only seen in it—it is lighted by a single circular aperture in the centre of the dome. The effect is very peculiar. It looks as if the dome had been left incomplete; but the light is very fine. Victor Emanuel lies buried here; his vault is loaded with chaplets and ornamental wreaths. United Italy's first King, is enshrined in the heart of his people. And he was worthy of their homage. A straightforward, brave, unselfish gentleman, who lived for Italy; and left behind him a grand name. This ancient temple is a fitting mausoleum for the worthy monarch.

—John W. Fryne, of this place, owns a hen which hatched out a brood of chickens the past month. Those chicks grew rapidly to hen and roosterhood and one of them some weeks ago began laying and on the eggs so laid the old hen is now setting. Query—when the chickens come will the old hen be their mother or their grandmother?

—Dr. R. W. Dunlap died Friday night at 12 o'clock at the residence of his sister, Mrs. R. R. Jones, of heart disease, of which he suffered for many months past. Dr. Dunlap was a native of Fayette county but spent a greater part of his professional life in Danville, where he has always been regarded as a leading physician. He was married four times, his last wife, who died about a year ago, being a Lincoln county lady, Miss Bailey, who was the mother of all his surviving children save one, Maj. W. W. Dunlap, of Colorado, whose mother was a daughter of the late John McLane. Dr. Dunlap was in the 60th year of his age. The funeral occurred this morning from the Christian church and was largely attended.

—Your correspondent went to the jail this morning and had a talk with Lewis, a very full one. First we drove to the Baths of Caracalla—a wonderful ruin, where the officials keep an eye on you lest you pocket the mosaics that are scattered around by the thousand. Here, acres of pavement were all in mosaics, and these pretty inch square marbles, nearly 2,000 years old, are perpetually becoming loosened under the tread of so many thousands of visitors, presenting a great temptation to "petit larceny." Room for 1,000 bathers at once. Built 1,650 years ago—begun by one Emperor, continued by another; finished by a third. Magnificence so unparalleled must needs consume 3 lives to complete it. I pity the poor fellow, giving his name to them, but never looking on his finished bath—360 yards in length, the same in breadth in the quadrangle. So many chambers that the most expert antiquarian gives out guessing and confesses utter ignorance of the uses many were put to. The heating apparatus is a marvel of ingenuity, and has quite a modern look with the hot air flues and all complete. O the millions it must have cost! Gone now to "everlasting smash;" roof fallen in, blocks and chips of exquisite marble piled here and there or ranged in rows, all that is left of the former magnificence! Some of the finest relics of the past, scattered in museums elsewhere, came from these famous baths—notably the Farneese, Hercules and Farneese Bull, known to lovers of art, and now in Naples museum.

From these indescribable Thermes we drove to the Catacombs of Callistus. The spot is quite a drive beyond the city walls, the imperial government in the olden times being very strict in forbidding burials of any kind within the city limits. For these "Catacombs" are as is generally known, the burial places of christians of the first three or four centuries of our era; extending around the entire city in a wide circle. The heathens disposed of their dead by cremation; which fact gives its distinct Christian feature to these vast catacombs, the extent of which is even now imperfectly known. Upwards of 40 groups of these sepulchral burrows—varying in extent—have been discovered. But only one—that of St. Callistus—has been thoroughly excavated and explored. How have these kept shape for 1,500 years, so as to admit of excavation at all? The answer to this is that nearly all the bills around Rome are formed of tufa, a soft, porous, sandstone, of volcanic origin, unfit for building purposes on account of its softness, yet perfectly adapted for these excavations for burying the dead. And here, until it became the fashion to inter near churches, the christians of the early centuries were laid away, in these remarkable subterranean passages; through whose mazes we stumbled along after our guide in single file, till our wax tapers were exhausted. By which time we all voted that we had had enough of it and were not sorry to emerge into the air and sunlight again.

According to careful calculations of experts the aggregate superficial area of all the Catacombe, yet discovered, would cover 600 acres; and if the whols of these underground burrows were placed in continuous line, their total length would exceed 300 miles, which will give my readers (thanks to the guide-book) some idea of their amazing extent. These were often used as hiding places by the christians in times of persecution, and many were followed and slain in the winding ramifications of the Catacombs. In the revolution of centuries, in due time, "relic hunting" became all the rage, and saints bones are at a premium. Martyrs were common at Rome, and the Catacombs with their accumulation of holy remains became a very gold mine. The traffic in relics, would fill more books to tell it than the history of stock gambling on the Bourse, or Royal Exchange. One of the Popes, when the Pantheon became the church of "St. Maria ad Martyres" in A. D. 609, buried 28 wagon loads of holy bones, under the great altar. That a skeleton was found in Roman soil gave an odor of sanctity to it, sufficient to warrant a pilgrimage; and it undoubtedly happened that many "sinners" buried in the Catacombe, because of Christian parentage or connection, became "saints" in the way of trade, and were distributed among the credulous.

DEAR INTERIOR.—Until I get done with Italy you need not expect much from India, even had I anything to report. Our life is a very quiet, waiting one just now. The plains are burning up in the fiery heat; gasping residents longing for the welcome Monsoon, that will bring the rains to temper the fierce power of the scorching winds, as well as start the shrunken vegetation into fresh existence. The "rainy season" is India's life. It will not be so pleasant on the hills as the dry, but for others we wish it may come when the time comes. All well and happy. Praise the LORD. Ever in Jesus,

DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Smiley sells the cheapest and best coal, Office corner 3d and Green streets.

—Miss Agnes Samuel, of Hot Springs Arkansas, is visiting the family of her uncle, Mr. H. E. Samuel. Mr. Wood Wallace, of Louisville, is in town. Mr. W. E. Thomas has returned from a visit to friends at Russellville.

—John W. Fryne, of this place, owns a hen which hatched out a brood of chickens the past month. Those chicks grew rapidly to hen and roosterhood and one of them some weeks ago began laying and on the eggs so laid the old hen is now setting. Query—when the chickens come will the old hen be their mother or their grandmother?

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Stanford, Ky., July 31, 1885

L. & N. LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train going North	12:30 P. M.
" South	1:40 P. M.
Express train" South	1:42 A. M.
" North	2:05 A. M.

Time is calculated on standard time. Solar time is about 20 minutes faster.

LOCAL NOTICES.

—GUV.
—SCHOOL Books at Bourne's.
—MACHINE Needles at Bourne's.

Buy your school books from Penny & McAllister.

WATCHES and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted by Penny & McAllister.

Buy the Hiss Hog Remedy, the original and only genuine, from Penny & McAllister.

A COMPLETE stock of jewelry, latest style, Rockford watches a specialty. Penny & McAllister.

FARMERS, READ THIS.—Go to Dr. M. L. Bourne's drug store and get one package of Sam A. Clark's Hog Remedy. If you are not satisfied after using it your money will be refunded.

PERSONAL.

KOBT HARDING, Esq., of Danville, was here on legal business yesterday.

MISS ANNIE LOGAN has returned to Knoxville after a visit of a month to friends here.

REV. G. C. OVERSTREET and wife have taken charge of the Spencer Institute at Taylorville.

MR. J. T. ADAMS, of Hyattsville, was here yesterday to consult Dr. Carpenter for an ear trouble.

MISS BELLE HUGHES was up from Danville yesterday, looking much better than her friends expected to see.

MR. T. T. DAVIES is in a very critical condition. Jim Beasley still lingers, but his death is only a question of a very short time.

SO MANY of our pretty girls are at the Hustonville Fair that it would be easier to name those at home than those that are gone.

MRS. J. T. HOWELL and her pretty little Ethel, of Nicholaaville, who have been guests of Mrs. W. P. Tate, returned home yesterday.

MR. N. A. RICHARDSON, of Williamsburg, who frequently yields the pen for this paper, passed to Frankfort yesterday for a visit of several weeks.

COL. WADE WALKER, of Garrard, is an applicant for Surveyor of the Port of Louisville. He is a half brother to the present incumbent and a capital man.

LOCAL MATTERS.

BROOK.—Two hundred and fifty thousand, hard and well-burned, for sale by Henry Baughman.

THE Band will give a big hop to some of their friends made at Rock Castle Springs, at the Opera House to night.

MARRIED.—Eid. J. G. Livingston writes us that he united in marriage at his residence Tuesday, Mr. Thomas Holtzclaw and Miss Eliza Dishon.

It is asked where will the factory for the manufacture of the Heat Fender be located? It will be located wherever a controlling interest of the stock is subscribed.

OUR citizens were shocked yesterday to learn of the sudden death of Rev. John C. Young near the High Bridge Camp Meeting, Wednesday evening. He was a brilliant man, but unfortunately put his talents to poor use.

THE telephone line is a nuisance, which ought to be abated. It is never in condition to work especially when needed most. Yesterday we had arranged to have the Fair awards sent us but many a sound would come over the wires.

THE colored Teachers' Institute is in session with an attendance of 12 out of 15 in the county. Prof. J. S. Hathaway, of Berea College, is conducting it in a very creditable manner and to the entire satisfaction of Superintendent J. A. Bogle.

ED. WALTON, of the INTERIOR JOURNAL, has Tuesday's paper dated July 27. We suppose he didn't go to bed the night before the 28th, and counted all the same day.—[Lancaster News.] The explanation is better than we could have made ourselves.

OUR kind friend, Miss Mary Logan, of Louisville, has sent us a beautiful, hand-painted plate and cup and saucer, which is one of the most artistic pieces of work we have seen in many a day. It is indeed a present to be appreciated and we do from our very heart.

IF the mob had found the negro Anderson in jail Wednesday night the other negroes, Sam Embry, El Johnson and the two Henson boys, accused of detaining white girls against their will, would also have danced from a rope's end. It was a close call.

COMING down Mill street yesterday with a load of lumber, the mule team of Mr. H. C. Gann was unable to hold the wagon back without breaks, and they were run down at a fearful rate, till striking a tree at Mr. Peter Straub's they were thrown to the ground. One was badly injured and the driver, a colored man was considerably bruised.

THOSE pianos, organs, and automatic musical instruments made and sold by the John Church Co., of Cincinnati, Ohio, are the best and cheapest to be had anywhere. The agents for the firm in Lincoln and Garrard county, S. R. and L. Y. Cook, say they defy the world to produce as good an instrument as the Clingle & Warren organ, or the Kunawab piano. For volume and richness of tone these instruments are without a successful rival.

FIVE Shares of Farmers National Bank Stock for sale. Apply at the Bank.

My customers will please not be imposed upon, but be sure that they get the "Belle of Stanford" Flour before they pay for it. R. T. Mattingly.

BRIGHT & CURRAS cut loose on coal. Any coal in the association delivered in town by the car at 10c or 9c on the track. The best Jellico coal at 11c delivered, 10c on track.

The wife of Ben Owsley, colored, presented him the other day with triplets, two boys and a girl. They were all alive and apparently healthy at first, but one has since died. This lot makes five children for Mrs. Owsley inside of thirteen months.

MAMMOTH CAVE.—The editor and his wife propose to take a trip to Mammoth Cave in a week or two and will be glad to have as many of their friends of both sexes accompany them as wish. Ten have already agreed to go. Call on us and learn more given.

THE County Clerk has received from the Auditor a statement of the action of the State Board of Equalization in reference to the valuation of property in Lincoln county. They alter the Assessors valuations as follows: To valuation of land 8 per cent, is added; to valuation of town lots 5 per cent, is added; from personal property 7 percent is deducted. The effect of this is to add to the aggregate taxable value of the property in the county as valued by the Assessor, the sum of \$157,729, making the total \$1,325,311. Last year the board added 10 per cent, to all real estate and 2 per cent, to personal property.

If the democrats and republicans will unite on the prohibition candidate, Mr. P. L. Simpson, next Monday, Mr. Bobbitt may yet never reach the promised land, which he thinks he now sits at short range. And there is no reason why they should not. Mr. Simpson is the candidate of no party, though making his race on a prohibition platform. A plain, honest farmer, with considerable attainments and better informed than most men of his station, he enjoys the confidence and respect of his neighbors, who have only words of praise for him. A leading member and officer in the Christian church, he has always been a moral man and as a citizen has exerted much influence for good.

THOROUGHLY incorruptible, firm in his convictions and conscientious in everything, Mr. Simpson would make a representative that would reflect credit on himself and the people of Lincoln alike, and we hope the voters will rally to his support. He is no politician, has none of the characteristics of the wily demagogue, but is a straightforward christian gentleman, upon whom all men who admire these qualities can unite.

A BOLD ATTEMPT AT RAPE.—Tuesday last a negro man went to the house of Mr. James H. Hiatt and asked his wife for something to eat. She got him a lunch and put it down where he could get it. This did not suit him and he ordered her to bring it to him, which she refused to do. He then asked her if there were any other women in the house. She told him there was not, but that Mr. Hiatt was. He pronounced that a—n lie and immediately ran to Mrs. Hiatt and seized her. She being an unusually stout woman, he was unable to accomplish his evident purpose, though he bruised her badly about the wrist and throat. A valuable Newfoundland dog came to the rescue of his mistress when the scoundrel shot him with a pistol. He then continued his assault on Mrs. Hiatt, whom he threatened to shoot if she did not cease her screams. About this time a little girl attracted by them came in sight and the would-be ravisher took to his heels. He was disengaged with a sheep skin tied over his lower face, giving him the appearance of a very old man, but Mrs. Hiatt was sure he was none other than Lewis Anderson, a negro who lived in a shore distance of her home for several years. That afternoon Mr. Charles Spoonamore, a brother of Mrs. Hiatt, came to town and swore out a warrant for the negro and Sheriff Menefee went out to arrest him. He got in sight of him once or twice and fired several shots, but without effect. Finally he gave up the chase, but Mrs. Lewis and Watt Dudderar, Charley Spoonamore and others continued to pursue him and at last their efforts were rewarded by his capture. Most people would have made short work of the rascal, but the gentlemen named are law-loving and law abiding and are to be praised for delivering him safely to the jailer, which they did at 2 A. M. Wednesday. The negro is a miserable looking specimen of the brute, large and burly and is not over bright mentally, judging from his orang-outang face. The next day he was brought before Judge Carson and Menefee appointed to defend him, but the negro preferred to waive an examination, which was his right, and he was taken back to jail, unable of course to give the \$1,000 bail. Threats were openly made of hanging the wretch and these coming to the ears of Judge Varnon he promptly ordered him to be taken to Danville for safe keeping. Thoughtless and hot-headed men, whom we are glad to say are in the minority, blame the judge for doing this, his sworn duty, but we think he deserves the highest commendation instead of censure. It was his sworn duty to see that no lawlessness was permitted and to protect the prisoner in the surest manner possible. We understand that a mob formed to come to town the night after he was taken away, which shows that the Judge acted prudently. We have never seen our people more wrought up, and while we agree with them that the brute deserves the most tortured form, yet since he is in the hands of the law, we counsel a submission to its forms, confident that he will receive the heaviest penalty known to his crime.

THE Hustonville Fair began Wednesday under very auspicious circumstances. The weather was fine, the exhibit good and the attendance far in excess of any first day we have seen. The location, save that it is somewhat contracted, is one of the finest we ever saw and a cooling breeze blows continually down the pretty valley. Outside of a very excellent display of stock, there are many other attractions and we do not know where's day can be more pleasantly spent. A large crowd will attend today and the programme is the best of the fair, including a sweepstakes roaderster ring, in which the premium is \$100, balloons, ascention, &c. The Secretaries, Messrs. Will K. Williams and C. B. Krid, have our thanks for favors. They and all the officers are untiring in their efforts and determined to make the Fair a success. There were a number of nice spreads on the grass under the shady trees of which we were invited to partake, but as we could only accept one, we dined with the first to ask us, Mr. Jesse P. Kifle, whose good wife gave an excellent exhibition of her abilities to get up a nice repast. The Gold & Silver Band, which furnishes the music, is complimented on all sides for its splendid work. Following are the awards of the first day:

Jack under 2 years old, Levi & William Hubble, blue; J. K. Baughman, red.

Jack 2 years old and over, John Baughman, blue; W. L. Caldwell, Boyle, red.

Jack any age, W. L. Caldwell, blue; Levi & Wm. Hubble, red.

Jennet under 1 year old, J. K. Baughman, blue and red.

Jennet any age, Levi & Wm. Hubble, blue and red.

Buck any age, W. D. Irvine, Boyle, blue and red.

Ewe any age, W. D. Irvine, blue and red. There were no entries in the other three sheep rings.

Special by C. C. Carpenter and J. W. Allen, best sucking horse or mare colt from Russell, Casey or Pulaski, T. A. Rynier, Casey, blue; John Elliott, Casey, red.

Saddle gelding any age, C. T. Sandige, blue; M. M. Sandige, red.

Saddle mare any age, A. E. Hundley, Boyle, blue; M. M. Sandige, red.

DRAFT HORSES.

Colt either sex, Gill Cowan, blue; J. K. Baughman, red.

Yearling either sex, John S. Goode, blue and red.

Mare or gelding any age, Capt. B. F. Powell, blue; W. B. Cloyd, red.

Stallion any age, J. S. Goode, blue; S. H. Baughman, red.

RUGBY RING.

Gelding any age, W. M. Rue, blue; J. F. Relley, Woodford, red.

Mare any age, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

HORSES GENERAL UTILITY.

Colt either sex, under two years, J. G. McNauly, Casey, blue; T. A. Rynier, Casey, red.

Double team, speed, syle and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Special by M. E. Allen, best boy rider 10 years and under, McKee Rifle, a fine hirdle.

Double team, speed, syle and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Special by Monroe Walker & Sons and J. F. Witherspoon, of Lawrenceburg, slowest mule in race, J. C. Coulter, blue; J. P. Nifl, red.

Special by M. E. Allen, best boy rider 10 years and under, McKee Rifle, a fine hirdle.

Double team, speed, syle and durability combined, regardless of sex or color, W. M. Rue, blue and red.

Special by Monroe Walker & Sons and J. F. Witherspoon, of Lawrenceburg, slowest mule in race, J. C. Coulter, blue; J. P. Nifl, red.

THOROUGHbred HORSES.

Stallion any age, I. Shelly Tevis, blue and red.

Mare any age, S. H. Baughman, blue and red.

CARRIAGE OR COACH TEAM.

Pair of mares or geldings, Wm. Rue, Boyle, blue and red.

Mule mule colt, J. S. Harper, blue; R. L. Hubble, red.

Mule 1 year old and under 2, Carpenter & Rife, blue; Robt. Mitchell, Boyle, red.

Cow calf under 1 year old, Adam Carpenter, blue and red.

Cow 1 year old and under 2, Carpenter & Rife, blue and red.

Cow 2 years old and under 3, J. W. Bihh, blue and red.

Cow 3 years old and over, Adam Carpenter, blue and red.

SWEEPSTAKES.

Bull any age, Robt. Mitchell, Boyle, blue; Carpenter & Rife, red.

Cow any age, Adam Carpenter, blue; Carpenter & Rife, red.

THOROUGHbred HORSES.

Stallion any age, I. Shelly Tevis, blue and red.

Mare any age, S. H. Baughman, blue and red.

CARRIAGE OR COACH TEAM.

Pair of mares or geldings, Wm. Rue, Boyle, blue and red.

Mule mule colt, J. S. Harper, blue; R. L. Hubble, red.

Mule 1 year old and under 2, regardless of sex, Smith Baughman, blue; W. P. Irene, red.

Mule 2 years old and over, Tewney & Son, Boyle, blue; L. W. Hudson, Garrard, red.

Pair of mules in harness, regardless of sex or ownership, L. W. Hudson, blue and red.

HORSES FOR HARNESS PURPOSES.

Snickling colt, either sex, R. H. McDonald, Boyle, blue; J. F. Riley, Woodford, red.

Mare, Stallion or gelding, 1 year and under 2, Logan Bros., Boyle, blue; Sam Owens, red.

More 2 years old, W. H. Rynier, Boyle, blue; H. T. White, red.

Stallion or gelding, 2 years old, Wm. Rue, Boyle, blue; Wyatt Sandige, red.

Stallion 3 years old, Wm. Rue, Boyle, blue and red.

Stallion 4 years old and over, Warren Rynier, Boyle, blue; J. S. Goode, red.

Best lady rider, special premium by Chas. Bishop, Hustonville, Miss. Jennie R. Id, blue and red.

Mare or gelding, roadster, Wm. Rue, Boyle, blue and red.

To-day is the big day and everybody will be there.

<p

HORACE GREELEY.

GOING A-FISHING IN WILMURT LAKE,
NEW YORK.

A Night of Intellectual Enjoyment Followed by a Day of Pleasurable Pleasure—The Famous Editor's Phenomenal Success.

Now York Sun!

It was on a pleasant afternoon late in August, 1851, that Mr. Greeley was driven to the Mountain House. The air was rather chilly; he wore his old white overcoat, his shad-bellied dress coat, and his broad-brimmed, soft, black fur hat. A tall stiff watch-guard crossed his low-cut waistcoat. His mild blue eyes shone through the glasses of his gold-rimmed spectacles, and a cheveux-de-frise of white hair protected his throat and long over his plain black cravat. His shirt-collar was limp and partly concealed from sight, and he wore a gaudy gold ring on the little finger of his left hand. A tall gentleman alighted from the wagon with him. He was John E. Cleveland, at one time compiler of the Tribune Almanac, and a brother-in-law of Mr. Greeley. Mr. Matteson gave them a warm welcome.

Before sunrise next morn in riding a white horse and a plain spring wagon stood at the door. Mr. Greeley ate some boiled eggs and quaffed a bowl of coffee made to breakfast. His delight!—he had and the saturnine brother-in-law had to be remiss in their rapt attention. After breakfast the philosopher and his companion were driven to the lake. They were carried over a fearful road. In some places it was almost as steep as the side of a house. Half-buried boulders and deep drifts intersected with strips of corduroy roadway.

Horace uttered no complaint as he was jolted and bounced from one side of the carriage to the other. The driver made an apology for the roughness of the road, but Mr. Greeley regarded the trip as his ride with King Clark and drew a favorable conclusion. The sun had flooded the lake with glory, and birds were twittering in the spruce trees as the party emerged from the woods. Old man French quickly espied the white overcoat. His son Jim was also on the boat, and a flat-bottomed skiff was rowed across the lake for the reception of the party. Mr. Greeley took in the stern and Cleveland sat down at the bow. Jim French's strong arms pulled them to the landing near the bridge. Old man French welcomed them to Wilmurt lake. Mr. Greeley was in no hurry to fish. He expanded his lungs, and took long draughts of mountain air. He spoke of his movements, of a star who had ventured to the brink of the lake for a drink. All the morning he sat upon the steps of the dock of the ledge with half-closed eyes, but long to fast-dugging of the birds and the lumbering of bears and raccoons. He seemed to eat the insulation of the woods and express his feelings in words that sank deep into the hearts of his listeners.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon old man French took a paddle, lay on some oars, and rigged out a rod and reel for Mr. Greeley. The philosopher gazed at it and shook his head. The click of the reel started him. "No, no, Mr. French," he said, "I've no use for that. Give me common rod with plenty of singleworms for a bait, and I shall be a boy again." Tea worms were dug and placed in a tin can. A caterer cut in Georgia was terrorized from Jim French. Mr. Greeley's eyes sparkled with anticipation. The desire of years was about to be filled. As he sat in the stern of the boat, arrayed in his shad-bellied coat and his broad-brimmed hat, with his rod in the air, he made a picture fit for the pencil of a great artist. A gentle breeze rippled the surface of the lake, and made music at the bows of the boat. Old man French rowed the boat to the left of a grassy island, half-a-mile to the left of the ledge, where a sand bar, bounded by deep water, put out into the lake.

The boat was anchored, and old man French laid the philosopher's hook. The weather was warm. Horace drew off his shad-bellied coat and laid it on his short sleeves. He dropped his hook in about eighteen feet of water and awaited results. Within three minutes he was on his feet glowing with excitement. His broad-brimmed hat fell off, and his red bent life bow with the straggle of the fish. It had struck a point half a foot from his nose. He made no effort to play the fish, but yanked it rapidly over the gunwale of the boat. Next did he allow old man French to take the trout from the net. He insisted on doing that himself. At the first hearty hopped around his host, the man a look of mingled admiration and congratulation. French observed it, and hurriedly passed him the end of a worm. A large catch tip his hat, patted his host with a hand, read, "To Dr. E. J. Nickerson,

Machine Gun and Their Powers.
[Editorial Service—Monroe.]

During the recent trials at Picton of a No. 1000 bead-barrel gun, served by six men, the results, as shown in a four-minute trial by the side of an average, were equal to the fire of seventy men with rifles and a proportion better than the hits from four thousand-pound mountain guns. The importance of the use of vertical fire from such a gun was also shown.

Cole Holister describes how, during the trials, a canvas sheet 100 by 50 yards was pegged down upon the slope of a deep ravine presenting at 1,500 yards the silhouette of a real, upon which a small rocket was flying. Extrapolating means for finding the elevation were resorted to, but after this had been once obtained 200 hits resulted from a discharge of 300 bullets. Surely this is most effective practice. Two such guns, therefore, might hold a position that would require 14,000 men.

It was quite fishing. As the editor was fatigued there was no blood, the mul very fair musquitoes flying wings drawn in flight clinging to the line of the fishermen, and the air of humidity saturated the doorway air. It was probably the happiest moment of his life. He caught seven trout, weighing over two pounds, in less than an hour. Under his exertions his shad-bellied coat and the knot of his sash had worked around to the side of his neck. As the seventh trout flashed in the sunbeam and was deposited in the boat, the great man fell down the red. "That will do, Mr. French," he said. "Not another fish will I catch today. I have often fished before, but never at emotion did I catch enough for a meal. Half of all these nettings will make only man dinner that night."

Mr. French raised anchor. Horace donned his shad-bellied coat, and the boat was pulled back to the ledge. The seven trout were hung in the boat gear at an angle of the stoop, in plain view of the voter editor, who had dropped into an easy chair. He talked as only he could talk; for hours, when supper was announced. Trout, eggs and savory, were served with steaming potatoes and fresh walls. Horace doffed a wonderful appetite and drank goblets of steaming fresh milk. After supper he enveloped himself in his white overcoat and resumed his seat on the porch. The whole household was gathered around the philosopher. His recitation again curled him back to his boyhood days, and for two hours were his hearers entertained by such recitation. Horace yawned, and asked to be shown to his bed. A tall young fellow went there and spoke, while yet suffering from diphtheria, and never recovered from the garment.

He was up before sunrise, drinking in the balmy air. He fished no more, however. His admiration of the lake was unboundable. He spoke of organizing a company for its improvement, and said that it he should take the seven trout to the city and tell his friends there had caught them on a hook and line, within three days, he could dispose of their share of the catch at a good price. In the afternoon he prepared for his departure. As he entered the boat he grasped old man French by the hand, saying: "John, I suppose that when the season ends, like John of old, you will be left alone in the wilderness. But bear this in mind, and if John French will not be as much isolated here as Horace Greeley is in the living wilderness of New York city."

DEATH.

Swainson's "Martin Luther."

That only dread of death is virtue death And fear of hell drives hellish seven times For souls whose thought foretastes it; and for all;

That fear not fate or might inevitable, Seeing naught wherein change breeds not may be changed;

By fear of fear or volume even of hope, Intolerable is there nothing. Seven years have I been;

Mine old good friend Petreare should have died, for utter heartbreak and his lives;

And still men's ears and souls with winter song;

Time sprang of sweater season; yet is griefer Surely less bearable than death, which comes

As sons as sleep on all. We deem that man Of most misery utterly tormented, who, being too close to sleep, can sleep not; tyrants

What tortures in their tyrannous armory Somelessness in漫游 of this,

But hold men's lids like waking; and on mine

What now shall fall but shinburn? Yet once in me;

If God or man would grant me this, which yet,

Persuade not but a boy's wish, fate I would Set out to look out all, for half an hour,

So much length of life he left me, breather

What limb that breathes the wave's breath and rejoices;

Loss even of the remembrance of the blast That blew my sail to battle, and that sang

Triumph when conquest lit me home like fire—

Yes, less in very victory, could it shine Again about me—less in the pride, the freedom, and the sovereign sense of joy Given of the soul's pure presence.

SIX MILLIONS GONE IN SMOKE.

No Falling Off in the Noisy Celebration of the Fourth.

[New York Times]

On the 4th the impression has been gathering ground that the old-time celebration of the Fourth of July was falling into disuse, and that by the not distant future the bonfires, fireworks, and other accessories of the day would be given up. A visit to the various manufacturers tends to dispel the delusion that fireworks on the Fourth are going out of date.

"The fireworks season," said a leading dealer, "begins early in February, when the far west sends in its orders. The factories are busy with these until early in the spring, when the states east of the Mississippi begin to stock up. It is a curious fact that, although the north, from Maine to California, lays in full stock to blow up on the Fourth, not a dollar is spent by the people south of the Potomac and Ohio rivers. They use them only on Christmas day. The demand for all kinds of goods fell rapidly for two or three years after the centennial, but for the last five years it steadily increased, and last year I think we have sold a million worth of fireworks, and birds were twittering in the spruce trees as the party emerged from the woods. Old man French quickly espied the white overcoat. His son Jim was also on the boat, and a flat-bottomed skiff was rowed across the lake for the reception of the party. Mr. Greeley took in the stern and Cleveland sat down at the bow. Jim French's strong arms pulled them to the landing near the bridge. Old man French welcomed them to Wilmurt lake. Mr. Greeley was in no hurry to fish. He expanded his lungs, and took long draughts of mountain air. He spoke of his movements, of a star who had ventured to the brink of the lake for a drink. All the morning he sat upon the steps of the dock of the ledge with half-closed eyes, but long to fast-dugging of the birds and the lumbering of bears and raccoons. He seemed to eat the insulation of the woods and express his feelings in words that sank deep into the hearts of his listeners.

At noon French took a paddle, lay on some oars, and rigged out a rod and reel for Mr. Greeley. The philosopher gazed at it and shook his head. The click of the reel started him. "No, no, Mr. French," he said, "I've no use for that. Give me common rod with plenty of singleworms for a bait, and I shall be a boy again."

He was reading and discussing its points, when a telegraph message was brought in. He read it, and immediately began to use emphatic language in denunciation of the telegraph system and the liberties it permitted to be taken with public news. He got angrier as he proceeded, and it was with difficulty that I managed to get in an inquiry as to what was the matter. He read the dispatch as follows:

"Do you approve and sustain Lincoln's war policy?" Missouri will not."

"I would not answer such a dispatch, and he rejoined.

"This is the penalty of being a public man. It is from the editor of the leading paper in St. Louis. I can not refuse an answer."

"He wrote a reply, which he read to me. I will not attempt to repeat it. It was a political dispatch. "I would not send it, I said. Mr. Douglass face clouded, and he raised himself up as he said impetuously:

"It was not aware that I had sent for you to criticize my telegraphic dispatch."

"I made the best excuse possible, when he suddenly turned on me and demanded to know why I did not send the message. I protested that, having turned once in saying I would not send it, I did not propose to turn back again. He said angrily that he would not send a reply until I had returned to him to criticize my telegraphic dispatch."

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